

P O E M S  
T O T H E  
M E M O R Y

Of that Incomparable POET  
Edmond Waller Esquire.

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*By Several Hands.*

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L O N D O N,

Printed for *Joseph Knight*, and *Francis Saunders*, at the  
*Blew Anchor*, in the lower Walk of the New Exchange. 1688.

P O E M S

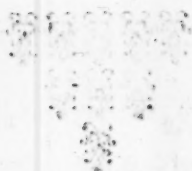
TO THE

L A M O R Y

Of that incomparable Poet

Edmond Waller Esquire.

By Samuel Hamond.



L O N D O N

Printed for J. Knap, and W. Smith, Sealed at the  
M. W. Smith, in the Strand, 1682.

*To the Memory of my Noble Friend,  
Mr. VValler.*

**N**OT Sleep, beneath the Shade in Flow'ry Fields,  
 To th' weary Traveller more Pleasure yields;  
 Nor, to assuage his Thirst, the living Spring,  
 Ith' heat of Summer, more delight does bring;  
 Than unto me thy well Tun'd Numbers do,  
 In which thou dost both please and profit too.  
 Born in a Clime where Storms and Tempests grow;  
 Far from the Place where *Helicon* does flow;  
 The *Muses* travel'd far to bless thy Sight,  
 And taught thee how to Think, and how to Write.  
 Th<sup>r</sup> *Asraan* Shepherd tells us he indeed  
 Had seen them dancing, while his Flocks did feed.  
 Not *Petrarch's* *Laura*, nor bright *Stella's* Fame,  
 Shall longer live than *Sacharissa's* Name.

Thou

Thou do'st not write like those, who brand the Times,  
And themselves most, with sharp *Satyrick Rhimes* :

Nor does thy *Muse*, with *smutty Verses*, tear

The modest Virgin's chaste and tender Ear.

Free from their Faults, what e're thy *Muse* indites,

Not *Ovid*, nor *Tibullus* softer writes.

The choice of tuneful Words t'express our Thought,

By thy Example we have first been taught.

\* *Cowley* Our English \* *Virgil*, and our *Pindar* too,

In this ('tis said) some negligence did shew.

Ile add but this, lest while I think to raise

Thy worth, I kindly injure thee with Praise;

Thy Verses have a *Genius*, and must

Live until all things crumble into *Dust*.

Sir JOHN COTTON, Bar.

ROCHES,

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# Poems, &c.

---

*Upon my Noble Friend, Mr. Waller.*

**T**Hough I can add but little to his Name,  
 Whose Muse hath giv'n him such immortal Fame;  
 Yet, in the Crowd of those who dress his Hearse,  
 I come to pay the Tribute of a Verse.

*Athens* and *Rome*, when Learning flourish'd most,  
 Could never such a Finish'd Poet boast :  
 Whose matchless softness in the *English* Tongue  
 Out-does what *Horace*, or *Anacreon* Sung.  
 Judgment does some to Reputation raise ;  
 And for Invention others wear the *Baies* :  
 He possesseth both, with such a Talent still,  
 As shew'd not only force of *Wit*, but *Skill*.

So faultless was his Muse, 'tis hard to know  
 If he did more to *Art*, or *Nature* owe.  
 Read where you will, he's Musick all along,  
 And his Sense easie, as his Thought is strong.  
 Some striving to be *Clear*, fall *Flat* and *Low*;  
 And when they think to mount, *obscure* they grow.  
 He is not darker for his lofty Flight;  
 Nor does his Easiness depress his Height;  
 But still perspicuous, wheresoever he fly,  
 And, like the Sun, is brightest, when he's high,  
 Ladies admire, and taste his gentle Vein,  
 Which does the greatest Statesmen entertain.  
 His Verses do all sorts of Readers warm,  
 Philosophers instruct, and Women charm.  
 Nor did he all Men in his Verse out-do,  
 But gave the Law in Conversation too:  
 He tun'd the Company where ere he came,  
 Still leaving with them something of his Flame.

He

He seem'd by Nature made for every thing,  
 And could harangue, and talk, as well as sing ;  
 Persuade in Council, and Assemblies lead ;  
 Now make them bold, and then as much afraid :  
 Give them his Passions, make them of his Mind ;  
 And their Opinion change, as he inclin'd.  
 The *English* he hath to Perfection brought ;  
 And we to speak are by his Measures taught.  
 Those very *Words*, which are in Fashion now,  
 He brought in Credit half an Age ago.  
 Thus *Petrarch* mended the *Italian* Tongue :  
 And now they speak the Language which he sung.  
 They both like Honour to their Countries do ;  
 Their Saints they both inimitably woe.  
 They both alike Eternity do give ;  
 And *Sacharissa* shall with *Laura* live.

Sir THO. HIGGONS.

## On Mr. Waller.

**W**aller is dead; and lofty Number's lost.  
 Now *English* Verse (with nothing left to boast) }  
 May hobble on, and vex good *Pindar's* Ghost.  
 What was it *Three and Eighty* Years to live?  
 Short is this Boon to what the Muses give:  
 They so Insur'd his Immortality,  
 That scarce he knew, in any kind, to dye.  
 Two Ages he the Sacred Garland bore;  
 Peerless in this, and Prince of that before.  
 Rare *Genius*, his; alike their Glory made,  
 In glittering Courts, and in the Country Shade.  
 There, by four Kings belov'd, how high he shone!  
 Inseparable Jewel of the Crown;  
 Yet thence no borrow'd Heat, or Lustre got,  
 Warm of himself; and *Sun* he wanted not.

And

And if the Diamond stood hard Fortunes shock,  
 Thanks to his *old* Hereditary Rock.  
 For all the Court, for all the Muses Snares;  
 Our Journals also tell his publick Cares.  
 From *James* to *James*, they count him ore and ore,  
 In *four* Successive Reigns, a Senator.  
 On him, amidst the legislative Throng,  
 Their Eyes, and Ears, and every Heart they hung.  
 Within *those Walls* if we *Apollo* knew,  
 Less could he warm, nor throw a Shaft so true.  
 What Life, what Lightning blanch'd around the *Chair*?  
 ( It was no *House*, if *Waller* was not there: )  
 And that Respect still to his Speech, or Nods,  
 As he had come from Councils of the Gods.  
 How would he tune their contradicting Notes?  
 With ready *Wit* facilitate the Votes?  
 As in his Verse, so ev'ry where display  
 An *Air* of something Great, and something Gay?

And

And, like *Amphion*, when he form'd a Town,  
 Put Life in ev'ry Stock, and ev'ry Stone?  
 Oh! had he liv'd one Meeting more to Sit,  
 How would the *Times* his generous Mind have hit?  
 What he so long contested for, in vain,  
 Set loose from all Ecclesiastick Chain,  
 With Transpoit he would find Religion, free,  
 And now no longer a *Monopoly*.

*Watch Home, and Harbour ; nay, shut up the Sea:*  
*But who shall ere with Heav'n our Traffick stay?*  
*Or there erect a Block-house in the way?*  
*Our stubborn Body is not us'd so ill;*  
*It must no Rack ( that foreign Engine ) feel;*  
*And yet they bring poor Conscience to the Wheel.*  
*Error they scourge ; so Children whip their Top ;*  
*The certain, only, means to keep it up.*

Thus would he play, and many a pointed Jest  
 Still fling against the persecuting Beast.

Easie to run in endless Histories;  
 Tracing a Life of one who never dyes.  
 How he the Orbs of Courts and Councils mov'd:  
 But, Muses, how he *Sung*, and how he *Lov'd*.  
 VVhat Spirit fills his Verse, your Care defines;  
 Amongst the Stars how *Sacharissa* shines:  
 How still her Altars fume with Sacrifice;  
 VVhen gone are all the Goddeffes of *Greece*.  
 Language and VVit he rais'd to such an height,  
 VVe should suspect, with him, the Empire's Fate,  
 Did not Auspicious *James* support the *Weight*.  
 This Northern Speech refin'd to that degree,  
 Soft *France* we scorn, nor envy *Italy*:  
 But for a fit Comparison must seek  
 In *Virgil's* Latin, or in *Homer's* Greek.

Anger is mad; and Choler, mere Disease:  
 His *Muse* sought what was sweet, & what would please:

Still

Still led where Nature's beauteous Rays entice ;  
Not touching vile Deformities, or Vice.

Here no *Chimera* skips, no *Goblin* frights ;

No *Satyr's* here, nor Monster else, that bites.

Sweetness his very Vinegar allaid ;

And all his *Snakes* in Ladies Bosom play'd.

Nature rejoic'd beneath his charming power ;

His lucky hand made every thing a Flower.

So every *Shrub* to *Jessamin* improves ;

And rudest *Holts*, to goodly *Myrtle* Groves.

Some, from a *Sprig* he carelessly had thrown,

Have furnish'd a whole *Garden* of their own.

Some, by a *Spark* that from his *Chariot* came,

Take *Fire*, and blaze, and raise a deathless Name.

Others a luckless Imitation try ;

And, whilst they *soar*, and whilst they venture high, }

*Flutter* and *flounce*, but have not *Wing* to fly.

( 9 )

Some, in loose *Words* their empty Fancies bind,  
Which whirl about, with *Chaff*, before the *Wind*.  
Here, brave Conceits in the Expression fail:  
There, *big* the *Words*, but with no *Sense* at all.  
Still *Waller's* *Sense* might *Waller's* Language trust ;  
Both pois'd, and always bold, and always just.  
None ere may reach that strange Felicity,  
Where Thoughts are easie, Verse so sweet, and free, }  
Yet not descend one Step from Majesty.

T. RYMER.

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B

Monfieur

Monſieur St. Euremon. 1684.

**W** *Aller, qui ne ſent rien des Maux de la vieillesſe.  
Dont la vivacité fait honte aux jeunes Gens ;  
S'attache à la Beauté pour vivre plus long temps,  
Et ce qu'on nomeroit dans un autre foiblesſe,  
Eſt en ce rare Eſprit une ſage tendreſſe,  
Qui le fait reſiſter à l'injure des Ans.*

*In Engliſh, by T. R.*

**V** *Ain Gallants, look on Waller, and deſpair :  
He, only he, may boaſt the Grand Receit ;  
Of Fourſcore Years he never feels the weight :  
Still in his Element, when with the Fair ;  
There gay, and freſh, drinks in the roſie Air :  
There happy, he enjoys his leiſure hours ;  
Nor thinks of Winter, whiſt amidſt the Flowers.*

*Upon*

*Upon the Inimitable Mr. Waller.*

---

THE *Witty*, and the *Brave*, survive the Tomb;  
*Poets*, and *Heroes*, Death it self o'recome:  
 By what they *write*, or *act*, Immortal made,  
 They only change their World, but are not *Dead*.

*Waller* can never dye, of Life secure  
 As long as *Fame*, or aged *Time*, endure.  
 A *Tree* of *Life* is Sacred Poetry;  
 Whoe're has leave to tast, can never dye.  
 Many Pretenders to the Fruit there be,  
 Who, against Nature's Will do pluck the Tree;  
 They nibble, and are *Damn'd*: But only those  
 Have Life, who are by partial Nature chose.  
*Waller* was Nature's Darling, free to tast  
 Of all her Store; The Master of the *Feast*:

Not like old *Adam*, stinted in his Choice;  
But Lord of all the spacious *Paradise*.

Mysteriously the Bounteous Gods were kind;  
And in his Favour Contradictions joyn'd.

Honest and Just, yet Courted by the Great;

A Poet, yet a Plentiful Estate:

Witty, yet Wise; Unenvi'd, and yet Prais'd;

And shew'd the Age could be with *Merit* pleas'd.

Malice and Spite, to Virtue certain Foes,

Were dumb to him, nor durst his Fame oppose;

Those cruel VVolves he tam'd, their Rage disarm'd,

And, with his tuneful Song, like *Orpheus* charm'd.

To Love, or *Business*, both he was inclin'd,

Could counsel Senates, or make Virgins kind;

The Factionous, with persuasive Rhetorick, move;

Or teach disdainful *Fair ones* how to love;

The stubborn of each Sex, to Reason bring:

Like *Cato* he could Speak, like *Ovid* Sing.

Our

Our *British* Kings are rais'd above the Hearse,  
Immortal made, in his immortal Verse.

No more are *Mars* and *Jove* Poetick Theams,  
But the two peaceful *Charleses*, and Great *James*.

*Julia*, and *Delia*, do no more delight,

But *Sacharissa* now is only bright.

Nor can the *Paphian* Goddess longer move;

But *Gloriana* is the Queen of Love.

The Father of so many Gods is he,

He must himself be sure some Deity.

*Minerva* and *Apollo* shall submit,

And *Waller* be the only God of *VV*it.

This equal Rise be to his Merit given,

On Earth the King, the God of Verse in Heaven.

GEORGE GRANVILLE.

On

*On the Death of Mr. VValler.*

AH! had thy *Body* lasted, as thy *Name*,  
 Secure of *Life*, as now thou art of *Fame*;  
 Thou had'st more *Ages* than old *Nestor* seen:  
 Nor had thy *Phæbus* more immortal been.

To thee alone we are beholden more  
 Than all the Poets of the Times before.  
 Thy Muse, inspir'd with a Genteeler Rage,  
 Did first refine the Genius of our Age.  
 In thee a clear and female Softness shin'd,  
 VVith Masculine Vigour, Force, and Judgment joyn'd.  
 You, in soft Strains, for Courts and Ladies, sung,  
 So natural your Thought, so sweet your Song,  
 The gentle Sex did still partake your Flame,  
 And all the Coyneſs of your Miſtreſs blame;

Still

Still mov'd with you, did the same Passions find,  
And vow'd that *Sacharissa* was unkind.

Oh! may the VVorld ne're lose so brave a Flame;  
May one succeed in *Genius*, and in *Fame*.  
May, from thy Urn, some *Phœnix*, *VValler*, rise,  
VVhom the admiring VVorld, like thee, may prize;  
May he, in thy immortal Numbers, sing,  
And paint the Glories of our matchless King:  
Oh! may his Verse of mighty *VValler* taste,  
And mend the coming Age, as you the last.

VVithin that Sacred Pile where Kings do come,  
Both to receive their Crowns, and find a Tomb,  
There is a lonely Isle; which holy Place  
The lasting Monuments of *Poets* grace.  
Thither, amongst th'inspired Train, convey,  
And, in their Company, his *Ashes* lay:  
Let him with *Spencer* and great *Cowley* be,  
He, who is much the greatest of the Three.

Tho' there so many Crowns and Mitres lye,  
 ( For Kings, and Saints, as well as we, must dye )  
 Those venerable VValls were never blest,  
 Since their Foundation, with a nobler Guest  
 VVith them, great Soul, thou shalt Immortal live,  
 And, in thy deathless Numbers Fate survive:  
 Fresh, as thy *Sacharissa's* Beauty, still  
 Thy *Bays* shall grow, which Time can never kill.  
 Far as our conqu'ring *British* Lyon roars,  
 Far as the Poles, or the remotest Shores,  
 Where're is known or heard the *English* Name,  
 The distant World shall hear of *VValler's* Fame:  
 Thou only shalt with Natures self expire,  
 And all the World, in the supreamest Fire  
 When *Horace* and fam'd *Virgil* dye, when all  
 That's Great, or Noble, shall together fall.

BEVILL HIGGONS.

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*On the Death of E. Waller, Esq;*

**H**OW, to thy Sacred Memory, shall I bring  
( Worthy thy Fame ) a grateful Offering ?

I, who by Toils of Sickneſs, am become.

Almost as near as thou art to a Tomb ?

While every ſoft, and every tender Strain

Is ruſſ'd, and ill-natur'd grown with Pain.

But, at thy Name, my languiſht *Muſe* revives,

And a new *Spark* in the dull *Aſhes* ſtrives.

I hear thy tuneful *Verſe*, thy *Song* Divine ;

And am Inspir'd by every charming Line.

But, Oh ! ———

What Inspiration, at the ſecond hand,

Can an *Immortal Elegie* Command ?

Unless, like *Pious Offerings*, mine ſhould be

Made Sacred, being Conſecrate to thee.

C

Eternal

Eternal, as thy own Almighty Verse,  
 Should be those *Trophies* that adorn thy *Hearse*.  
 The *Thought* Illustrious, and the *Fancy* Young ;  
 The *Wit* Sublime, the *Judgment* Fine, and Strong ;  
 Soft, as thy *Notes* to *Sacharissa* sung.  
 Whilst mine, like *Transitory Flowers*, decay,  
 That come to deck thy Tomb a short-liv'd Day.  
 Such *Tributes* are, like *Tenures*, only fit  
 To shew from whom we hold our *Right* to *Wit*.

Hail, wondrous *Bard*, whose Heav'n-born *Genius* first  
 My Infant *Muse*, and Blooming *Fancy* Nurst.  
 With thy soft *Food* of *Love* I first began,  
 Then fed on nobler *Panegyrick* Strain,  
 Numbers *Seraphic* ! and, at every View,  
 My Soul extended, and much larger grew :  
 Where e're I *Read*, new *Raptures* seiz'd my Blood ;  
 Methought I heard the *Language* of a God.

Long

Long did the untaught World in Ign'rance stray,  
 Producing nothing that was Great and Gay,  
 Till taught, by thee, the true Poetick way.  
 Rough were the *Tracks* before, Dull, and Obscure;  
 Nor Pleasure, nor Instruction could procure.  
 Their thoughtless Labour could no *Passion* move;  
 Sure, in that *Age*, the Poets knew not *Love* :  
 That Charming *God*, like Apparitions, then  
 Was only talk'd on, but ne're seen by Men :  
 Darkness was o're the *Muses* Land displaid,  
 And even the *Chosen Tribe* unguided straid.  
 Till, by thee rescu'd from th'*Egyptian* Night,  
 They now look up, and view the God of Light,  
 That taught them how to *Love*, and how to *Write* ;  
 And to Enhance the Blessing which Heav'n lent,  
 When for our great *Instructor* thou wert sent.

Large was thy Life, but yet thy Glories more ;  
 And, like the *Sun*, did still dispense thy Power,  
 Producing something wondrous every hour ;  
 And, in thy *Circular Course*, didst see  
 The very *Life* and *Death* of *Poetry* ;  
 Thou saw'st the *Generous Nine* neglected lie,  
 None listening to their Heav'nly *Harmony* ;  
 The *VVorld* being grown to that low *Ebb* of *Sense*,  
 To disesteem the noblest *Excellence* ;  
 And no *Encouragement* to *Prophets* shewn,  
 Who in past *Ages* got so great *Renown*.  
 Though *Fortune* Elevated thee above  
 Its scanty *Gratitude*, or fickle *Love* ;  
 Yet, *fullen* with the *VVorld* ; untir'd by *Age*,  
 Scorning th' *unthinking Crowd*, thou quier'st the *Stage* ;

A. BEHN.

*On the Death of Mr. VValler.*

**T**Ho ne're so *Base*, or never so *Sublime*,  
 All *Human* things must be the Spoil of *Time*:  
*Poet* and *Heroe* with the rest must go;  
 Their *Fame* may mount, their *Dust* must lie as low.  
 Thus mighty *Waller* is, at last, expir'd,  
 VVith *Cowley*, from a vitious Age retir'd,  
 As much Lamented, and as much Admir'd.  
 Long we enjoy'd him; on his tuneful *Tongue*  
 All Ears and Hearts with the same Rapture hung,  
 As his on lovely *Chloris* while she Sung!  
 His *Style* does so much Strength and Sweetness bear,  
 Hear it but *once*, and you'd for ever hear!

Various his *Subjects*, yet they joyn'tly warm;  
 All Spirit, Life, and every Line a Charm:

Correct

Correct throughout, so exquisitely penn'd,  
 VVhat he had Finish'd nothing else could mend.

Now, in soft *Notes*, like dying *Swans*, h'ed Sing,  
 Now tow'r aloft, like *Eagles* on the *Wing*;  
 Speak of adventrous Deeds in such a Strain,  
 As all but *Milton* would attempt in vain;  
 And only there, where his rap't *Muse* does tell  
 How in th' *Ætherial War* th' *Apostate Angels* fell.

His Labours, thus, peculiar Glory claim,  
 As writ with something more than Mortal Flame :  
 VVit, Judgment, Fancy, and a Heat Divine,  
 Throughout each *part*, throughout the *whole* does shine :  
 Th'Expression clear, the Thought sublime, and high,  
 No *flut'ring*, but with even *wing* he glides along the *Skie*.

Here the *two* bold contending *Fleets* are found,  
 The mighty Rivals of the watery Round ;

In Smoak and Plame involv'd, they could not *Fight*;  
 VVith so much Force and Fire as he does *Write*.  
 Here *Galatea* mourns; In such sad Strains  
 Poor *Philomel* her wretched Fate complains.  
 Here *Fletcher* and Immortal *Johnson* shine,  
 Deathless, preserv'd in his Immortal Line.  
 But where, O mighty *Bard*, where is that *He*,  
 Surviving now, to do the same for *Thee*?  
 At such a *Theam* my conscious *Muse* retires,  
 Unable to attempt thy *Praise*, she silently admires.

VVhether for Peaceful *Charles*, or Warlike *James*,  
 His *Lyre* was Strung, the *Muses* dearest *Theams*:  
 VVhether of *Loves* Success, when in the Eyes  
 Of the kind *Nymph* the conscious Glances rise,  
 When, blushing, she *breaths* short, and with *constraint* }  
 denies;  
 Whether he paint the *Lovers* restless Care,  
 Or *Sacharissa*, the disdainful *Fair*;



Such was the *Man*, whose Loss we now deplore,  
 Such was the *Man*, but we should call him more.  
 Immortal in himself, we need not strive  
 To keep his *Sacred Memory* alive.  
 Just, Loyal, Brave, Obliging, Gen'rous, Kind;  
 The *English* he has, to the height refin'd,  
 And the best Standard of it leaves ( *his Legacy* ) behind.

*Mr. Waller's Sacrifice was the only one  
 Sydney Daughter to the S. of Leicester  
 & afterwards married to the S. of Sunderland  
 Waller was supposed to be in love with her  
 when he was a widower about the 24 or  
 25 years of his Age in 1630*

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D

To

*To Mr. Riley,  
Drawing Mr. VValler's Picture.*

**N**OT *Flesh* and *Blood* can *Riley's* Pride confine,  
He must be adding still some *Ray Divine*;  
Nor is content when he true Likeness shows,  
Unless that *Glory* also Crown the *Brow*.  
This Subject, *Riley*, this ( for long has he  
Scow'd the bright Roads of Immortality )  
New Rapture wants : no human Touch can reach  
His Lawrels, and Poetick Triumphs pitch.  
On Face and Out-side stay thy bold Design ;  
'Tis Sacred, 'tis *Apollo's* all within.  
Thou may'st slight Sketches of the Surface shew,  
Not vex the Mine, whence God-like Treasures flow.

Came

Came twenty *Nymphs*, his *Muse* contented all,  
 None went away without her *Golden Ball*;  
 The Gods of old were not so liberal.

How many, free from Fate, enjoy his Song,  
 Drink *Nectar*, ever Gay, and ever Young?

Thô to thy *Genius* no Attempt is vain,  
 Think not to draw the *Poet*, but the Man.

Yet, *Riley*, thus thou endless Fame must share;  
 His Generous *Pen* thy *Pencil* shall prefer,  
 It draw him *Man*, and he make it a *Star*.

T. R.

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F I N I S.

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